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RED SMITH

Journalism's Darkest Hour

WELL, the sordid truth is out, and from now on Allen Dulles will keep his snooping beak away from here if the miserable reprobate knows what's good for him. He and his whole Central Intelligence Agency might as well be told right out what they can do with their flamin' cloaks and daggers.

A Russian periodical called "Literary Gazette" has revealed that when we were all in Melbourne for the Olympics last fall, Dulles had a stable of shapely dolls on call to corrupt the Soviet athletes.

How about that for discrimination? Our own agents skulking around Olympic Village plying Bolsheviks named Tcherniavskii and Bachlykov with dainty viands and toothsome blondes, and who consoles the flower of the loyal American press along Flinders and Swanston Streets? Avery Brundage, that's who. As they say Down Under, well ecktuallly!

It's all clear enough now that "Literary Gazette" has blown the whistle, but it is humiliating to realize that scores of the busiest ferrets in American journalism could be on the scene and fail to see what was going on under their twitching noses.



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Rock 'n' Roll Mata Hari

A FELLOW thinks back to Olympic Village now and recalls scenes in the Recreation Center which seemed innocent enough at the time. It was bright, airy and a generally merry place where kids of all nations frolicked in their spare time. During the day you might see Andy Stanfield, the sprinter, beating a Russian hurdler at chess. Others would be whacking a ping-pong ball around or writing letters or playing cards while the walls trembled under the impact of a rock-and-roll record.

In the evening Mrs. Earlene Brown would take over, and then the joint started jumping. Earlene was the belle of the ball, the darling of the international set. She is a jolly Negro girl out of Los Angeles, 226 tireless pounds, a smasher on the dance floor.

Not only Russians, but Afghans, Turks, Slavs and Finns learned rock-and-roll from Earlene. Who'd ever suspect that this jovial Mata Hari's dark purpose was to wean Soviet music lovers away from Tchaikovsky and Shostakovich into the imperialist camp of Elvis Presley?

Yes, and under cover of Elvis' bawling, manly Muscovite hammer throwers would be out strolling beneath the Southern Cross, murmuring state secrets to Aileen Dudes' "doppies," to use the solicitous Australian term.

Bluejackets to the Rescue

A LLEN must have swiped a leaf from Jim Norris' book and signed all available talent to exclusive service contracts for downtown Melbourne after dark reminded hardly anybody of the Casbah.

It was downright pitiful to see dashing correspondents of the romantic Richard Harding Davis type languishing in the International Press Bar of the Melbourne Cricket Ground with no better way to pass the evening than a celibate game of ricki-ticky for the bartender's shillings.

Only once were traces of rouge and lipstick detected on Melbourne's sternly Puritan face. A chunk of the American Navy sailed in one day about noon. Within an hour, the streets swarmed with gobs and every blessed one of them had a bit of fluff on his arm.

The Games were pretty well along when the fleet arrived. By that time, no doubt, the last Russian broadjumper had been brainwashed and Mr. Dulles had turned his delectable operatives out to pasture.

Perfidy on the Lawn

A MERICAN agents, "Literary Gazette" reports, "tried to palm off 'secret documents' on our girls and boys. They tried to give them photographs of military objectives in order to convict them later of espionage." It is mortifying to realize that a lot of us saw that happening and thought it was only a cuddly camaraderie characteristic of childish games.

In the opening ceremonies, the big U. S. S. R. team followed the big U. S. A. delegation into the Stadium and the two groups lined up side by side on the infield. Pretty soon they broke ranks and mingled, indistinguishable in their white jackets except for a trace of tattle-tale gray in the Soviet uniform.

American girls took off their shoes and wiggled their toes in the grass. Men swapped laped badges for souvenirs. American girls traded white gloves for the Soviets' red breastpocket handkerchiefs. Who could have known there was microfilm in every glove?

"Literary Gazette" says sneak thievery went on, and blames American spies. Melbourne hotel owners who applied the time-honored Kentucky Derby gouge will properly resent that. Since the days of the immortal robber, Ned Kelly, the home-grown Australian bandit has been the equal of any.

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